



40+

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Seems like I've screwed many a fine man over the years and my sexual libido has not waned at all. I love the sight, feel and taste of a hard cock and I love it when a man goes down on me. Warm, wet tongues, mmmmm.









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40+ #61

WHO NEEDS PARIS?



I got a call from my husband
Jessie late on a Friday. He
had something on his mind,
so I asked him if everything
was okay. He said he had a
birthday surprise for and he'll
bring it home when he leaves
the office. I had no idea what
he meant but as the day wore
on my excitement grew wondering what it might be. We
had been talking about a trip
to Paris, perhaps a new car,
or something even better.

Dinner time arrives and so does Jessie and I'm excited to see what he's

brought. As if nothing has happened, he asks if dinner is ready. Taken slightly aback, I tell him I hadn't made dinner thinking we might be going out after his phone call. He says no problem, he'll take me out to a nice restaurant. Then – the doorbell rings and he looks

at me mouthing "Your surprise is here!"

A flush of excitement rushes over me as we both go to answer the door. Opening it I see a handsome young man in a brown uniform holding a package. He hands it over to me and leaves. Jessie closes the door and tells me to open it. Inside I find a beautiful silk robe with flower accents. "Please go put it on." he asks me. I disappear into the bedroom and a minute later come out with nothing on underneath the robe.

Jessie looks at me up and down admiring my present. Just then the doorbell rings again and Jessie answers. It's the same delivery guy as before. He extends the clipboard to Jessie and says "I forgot to get your signature earlier." Handing Jessie the pen, he spots me and looks approvingly at my new robe. "Is that what I just delivered?" he asks. Jessie says it is. "That's beautiful." he adds. Jessie signs the form and hands back the clipboard. "Would you like to take a closer look?" Jessie asks him to my surprise. "Sure I would." he says. I look at Jessie as he closes the door behind the delivery man. The man walks over to me and I'm frozen by this unexpected turn of events.

"Honey," Jessie says, "Dino here is your real surprise." I'm speechless. We had discussed threesomes before, but never with another guy, and they were just talk. Dino comes over to me and walks behind me, coming close, and puts his hands on my shoulders. I'm still looking at Jessie in disbelief as he comes over right in front of me. I feel Dino pull the robe off my shoulders, exposing my breasts to my husband, who promptly leans over and starts kissing them.

Dino pulls my hair aside and kisses my neck. I am stunned. I can only stand there as these two me are fondling me. I hadn't been with two guys since college and it was obvious from the wetness of my pussy that this was something I must want. Still, I couldn't believe I was thinking about doing it with two men right now. I close my eyes and let my senses feel their manliness envelope me.

By now, Dino has pulled my robe all the way off as Jessie undressed himself. Now he and I are nude and he resumes kissing me, taking

40+: Hi Jordan – You're a beautiful woman. How do you do it?

Jordan: (Laughs) Well, thank you. You're sweet. I try to stay in shape by going to the gym three times a week. I used to be vegan, but now I eat meat. But mostly, I have a lot of sex. It burns calories faster than most exercises, and it's an awful lot of fun, too. I try to get three or four fuck nights in a week.



my hand down to his throbbing cock. I sense Dino back off and disrobe, too. He comes around to the side and takes my other hand down to his cock. I sense it is a bit bigger than Jessie's, but not as long. Lost in Jessie's kiss, I begin to stroke both cocks. Dino bends down to kiss my breast and takes my left nipple into his mouth. Jessie now goes down to my right one and I can only throw my head back in dumbfounded pleasure.

I let go of their cocks and pull their faces tight onto my boobs. Their hands move in sync down my belly to my pussy and ass but I can't tell whose is whose, but it didn't matter. I quickly grew horny beyond belief. It was obvious through their hard cocks and their soft moans that Jessie and Dino were also incredibly turned on. I feel a set of hands find my pussy lips as another stroke and caress my butt cheeks.

Unbelievably, I break away from them and find myself dropping to my knees. I don't have a plan as I begin sucking, licking and teasing both cocks. I am lost in the moment, savoring their different tastes and the way the cocks feel so different between my lips. Soon, however, the aching in my pussy takes me over and I stand up, grabbing each turgid cock in hand and pull them to the bedroom.

I let go of them when we reach the bed and climb onto it. Jessie moves between my legs to fuck me. He does exactly that and quickly drives the full length of his cock inside me. At the same time I pull Dino towards me until he's beside the bed taking his thick cock into my mouth, which I eagerly engulfed as a warm, excited feeling washes over me. It has been a long time since I've had two cocks



at once that I'd forgotten how incredibly sexy and intense it was. I didn't try to guide the action once the boys were in place but instead I just let them act out their carnal lust on me. Jessie fucked me wildly with the sound of my wet pussy slapping hard against him. Dino thrust his hips so that his cock fucked my mouth as I licked and sucked at him excitedly.

Jessie came first, but only by a few seconds before Dino. Jessie moaned loudly as his cum exploded into me. As Dino began to cum, his cock jerked out of my mouth. I grabbed it and stroked him as his cum continued to shoot out and land all over my face and chest. Jessie goes to the bathroom to get me a towel. After wiping my face, I open my eyes and Dino is gone. Jessie is in the bathroom and I'm laying alone, spent on the bed. Jessie comes back in and says, "What's for dinner?" I yelp and throw the towel at him. He comes over and hugs me saying "Happy birthday, baby." Needless to say, there is no dinner that night. Just seven more hours of the best birthday fucking I have ever had! So ladies, next time the doorbell rings, it just might be the surprise you've been hoping for.

- Samantha, Atlantic City, NJ

Hey 40+,

You guys must have been reading my mind. I'm in love with Flower Tucci and can't get enough of her in in pictures or in video.

She's a real fuck machine, and I like that in a woman. She loves to suck dick, get fucked, and do it all over again. But when she takes a dick up her ass, that turns me on the most. Any woman that will do that and enjoy it, is tops in my black book.

Now, if only I can find a woman like her in my real life, I'd be the happiest man in the world.

- Daniel, OKC

FRIEND AND LOVER

Call it a woman thing, but I've got to get it out of my system. I live in a very conservative mid-sized town and just have to tell someone. It had been a trying week for my lifelong best friend, Barbara. She found a pair of women's silk panties in the pocket of her husband's pants when she went to wash them. It seems like they'd been fighting non-stop for a few months, and tonight she spent most of the first part of the evening crying and trying to figure out what to do next.

Barbara and I sat on the couch idly flipping channels on the TV and after a bottle and a half of wine, neither of us were in the mood for television anymore. She tossed the remote onto the coffee table and flopped her head down into my lap. As she curled up I stroked her hair comfortingly. "You're such a good friend," she said. "Sometimes I wish I could trade Greg for you. The only thing you're missing is a major appendage." We laughed. We talked some more about how good – and bad – men were.

I was starting to lose it and drift to sleep when there was a light touch on my inner thigh. My head snapped forward and I looked down to see Barbara's hand caressing me. Her touch actually felt kind of nice. I began to stroke her head more firmly, and she responded by doing the same to my thigh, all the while getting closer and closer to my rapidly moistening pussy.

I reached over to dim the lamp as I smiled at her and shifted my legs to facilitate her explorations, my wetness readily apparent. Barbara's hand slipped beneath my panties,



finding my clit, and began to massage it in small circular motions. I grunted approvingly and reached a hand under her shirt. I popped her bra open and started fondling her breasts, squeezing and kneading them, and teasing her erect nipples. "It's about time we did this." said Barbara, clearly enjoying my touch.

"Help me take my skirt off," I said. Barbara wasted no time in undoing and removing my skirt and panties, and on completion buried her face in my pussy. I grabbed the back of her head and pushed her deeper into my mound, her tongue darting in and out. As she sucked on my clit I rolled my hips to match her motions. On the verge of cumming, I let out a moan. Barbara responded by stuffing two fingers up my pussy. That did it! I let go and erupted, my hips bucking wildly. Barbara's tongue kept on lapping and she moaned too. As I began to settle down, our eyes met and we shared a sultry kiss, the taste of my pussy on Barbara's full and pouty lips.

Naturally, I returned the favor, making her cum more than a few times. We finished the bottle of wine, cleaned up, and Barbara left before my husband came home.

- Helena, Columbus, OH

Dear 40+,

I couldn't help but notice the Tacori pictures in your last issue, and it rang a bell with me. I once fucked a woman with her husband watching from the sofa. It was a little awkward at first, but I tuned him out when the sex was going on. It was fun and we decided to do it again.

- Ivan, Hartford

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TO SHARE OR NOT TO SHARE? Oh hell, why not!

In college, me and my buds would debate the virtues of monogamy sitting around the card table. Of course, in those days, monogamy was not on the table since we were all frat guys looking for as much pussy as we could get. But a couple of the guys were older, and married. They had some insightful things to say, and I took it all to heart. They'd tell horror stories like no sex for a month, or begging for a blow job. They admitted that before getting married, none of that was a problem. One of the guys, Anson, had a kid about a year before and said that he and his wife had only had sex four times that year. That brought a tear to many an eye that night. A few weeks later, Anson's back at the card table and as we played,

and he was winning, he told us that he convinced his wife to try a swing club with him.

Throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, having more than one liaison was pretty common. Marriage was not the "sacred" institution that it is today. It took the Victorians to change the nature of malefemale relationespecially ships,

new members through the internet and social media. Many clubs, however, are private and are conducted out of people's houses or buildings that have been remodeled for it.

These clubs today include married couples, unmarried couples, single men and single women. Generally male homosexual activities are not allowed while lesbian activities are. Some people go just to watch or be watched having sex. In a typical club, there is a reception area, private and semi-private rooms, orgy or group rooms with wall to wall mattresses, hot tubs, a dining room with a buffet, and showers. Some have stripper poles, glory holes, offer sex toys, or provide various other activities for



when it came to staying together throughout the marriage. In the 20th century here in the US, swinging became 'popular' and came out of the underground with the rise of so-called swinger's clubs, usually in the larger cities. The most famous was, Plato's Retreat in New York City which hit the scene in 1977. While it didn't last even ten years, it made swinging a little more acceptable and recognized as a lifestyle. Today, traditional swinger's clubs have become more sophisticated; some catering to a more professional crowd and gathering

the crowd they cater to. Most clubs, private or public, require membership. Usually there is the membership fee, and additional charges for each day a member uses the facility. Single men are often charged the most, then couples, and single women are charged very little if anything at all. Couples have to be comfortable with each other and with sex if they choose to indulge. Seeing your partner with another person can be quite unsettling if there isn't that trust or bond. Many studies have been done as to the impact on relationships after cou-

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ples attend a swing club. Surprisingly, or not, many couples are fine afterwards, with a very small minority having postswinging problems.

Why do I go on like this? Because my wife and I admitted we needed to spice up our sex lives and now that our son is grown up and off to college, we have the chance to do it. Kloie and Jorge live in the cul de sac behind our house. They have a nice pool and a seven-day-a-week maid, but they always seem to be at our house, especially for dinner. My wife, Amelia is a great cook and they take advantage of that, and us, at times. But I do have to admit, they always had some mighty

fine wine. And they'd bring not just one bottle, but several. There were times we thought they were trying to get us drunk – for one reason or another.

So, like most Saturdays, we four had a great meal along with a few bottles of wine. Amelia made some excellent stuffed pork chops and we devoured them like cannibals that hadn't eaten for a month. We all agreed they were some of the best chops we had ever eaten. It was a pleasant dinner and afterwards we retreated into the living room to watch a movie from my vast collection of DVDs. After an hour, the movie we were watching got boring so my wife turned it off. Kloie came back into the living room from the kitchen where she had retrieved and opened another

bottle of wine. She refilled our glasses and as she put the bottle down, Jorge announced that he and Kloie had started swinging. Amelia and I were shocked. We would have never suspected these two to be swingers.

Amelia and I had talked about it, but never in reference to ourselves. It was always someone else or she would occasionally see something on the internet and bring it up. Admittedly, I've had fantasies about screwing Kloie and Amelia's confessed she's found Jorge attractive after she's downed a few drinks, but that's as far as it ever got. Jorge continued with how they ventured into it. "We looked on the web for swinger's clubs and in the margins were ads for local swingers. We were quite surprised to find any near our town and after clicking through a few ads that led nowhere, we came upon a couple that seemed legit." he said. Continuing, Jorge told us that they hooked up at a restaurant with this couple and after a meal together, they decided they liked each other and went back to their place.

"It was very awkward at first," Kloie picks up the story, "but we settled down and by the end of the evening we had really enjoyed ourselves. We've seen them a couple more times since and it's always been great." Kloie then looks right at me and asks "Have you ever thought about it?"

I steal a look to Amelia; my eyes seeking approval for what I'm about to spill. "Well, actually, yes." I mumble. Amelia chimes in, "We've only talked about it, but not in any way to say we would try it." she adds. "Well, would you try it?" Jorge asks. "Would you consider trying it with us?"

Amelia looks at me, dumbfounded. She, nor I, ever expected to be in this situation, but somehow I was finding it quite intriguing. I said let us sleep on it tonight and let you know



tomorrow. They smiled and agreed, saying almost in unison, "That's fine, take your time." "We also had to think about it." Kloie added. The evening ended pleasantly and I saw them to the door as Amelia cleaned up the living room. We talked about it at long length that night, exploring all the pros and cons we could think of. In bed we held each other, falling asleep wondering what tomorrow would bring.

The next morning, we tried to finalize our thoughts over coffee. I told Amelia that I was comfortable with it and secure enough in our marriage to try it. While she was a little less inclined, she agreed if that's what I wanted to do. With no encouragement from me, Amelia picks up the phone and calls Kloie. "We'd like to invite you and Jorge for dinner this Saturday night." she tells Kloie. "We'd feel more comfortable at our place." she adds. I think Kloie got the message.

Saturday rolls around and we spend the day prepping. Right on time, the doorbell rings and I answer it. They enter and we have our usual fabulous dinner along with some surprisingly easy conversation. Afterwards, we retire to the living room and Kloie sits on the sofa, patting the empty space next to her, beckoning me over. Jorge meets Amelia at the door

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between the two rooms helping her with the wine glasses she was toting. He puts them on the side tables and pulls Amelia over to the loveseat across from me and Kloie.

After a half hour, Kloie starts getting closer to me and rubbing my thighs. I look over at Jorge and Amelia and see they have also begun and Amelia is moaning softly at his touch. My wife was saying in a soft sexy voice "Oh Jorge, that feels so nice." Kloie gets up and goes over to them. Jorge now has the two ladies leaning in against him. He has one hand cupping my wife's breast and tweaking her nipple through her top while doing the same to his wife with his other hand.

I stood up and walked around to the lamps and lowered the lights a little more. I saw that my wife had completely removed her top and sat there with her breasts in Jorge's hand. Kloie was topless also with small but great tits and her

I pushed her legs open a bit more and forced my tongue into her. She cried out with pleasure as my tongue entered her and she pushed herself hard into my face. I was drinking down her cum, which tasted quite different from Amelia's. I could still hear Amelia moaning away in the background and knew she was enjoying the fuck.

nipples were the hardest I had ever seen. They must have been over half an inch long. Kloie looked at me, and as she did, stuck one of her nipples into Jorge's mouth. I could not stand any more. I went over and took Kloie's hand to stand her up. I helped her finish taking off her clothes and she helped me with mine. As my pants came off, my cock sprang into full view. Hard and throbbing, it was inches from Kloie's face. Kloie took hold and told me what a great cock I had. I'm looking over at Jorge and Amelia as Kloie's mouth closes in around my cock, I saw Jorge had Amelia's nipple shoved into his mouth and his hand had disappeared between her legs.

I felt Kloie's hand curl round my cock and hold it tight as she moved her hand up and down. I just closed my eyes and took in deep breaths as she nipped at it's head with her teeth and lips. She looked up at me and asked, "Am I going to have this inside me soon?" My legs were shaking as she gave me one of the best blow jobs I think I had ever had. I must say Amelia is good but not this good. She licked the head of my cock and pushed her tongue down my slit. I was amazed how she took the whole of it — from tip to the base — into her mouth. I placed my hands on her head and slowly moved it back as I did not want to come just yet.

While this was going on I opened my eyes and looked at what my wife was up to now. They were both naked and Amelia was sitting on the edge of the sofa with her legs up over Jorge's shoulders. He was giving her a great pussy licking. I watched as her legs gripped either side of Jorge's head as she came into his mouth. I could hear him slurping her juices. He pulled his head back and I saw him ram two fingers up into my wife's pussy. I told Kloie to stand up and took her over to the dining room table. I told her to lie back so her butt was on the edge. I placed two chairs on either side so she could place her feet on them. As she was doing this, I looked back over at my wife and Jorge was still thrusting his fingers into her but now it was four fingers. Amelia was cumming again and again as Jorge's hand was dripping with my wife's pussy juices.

I took hold of Kloie's hands and placed one on her clit and she started to play with it. I slowly kissed down her body until I was kneeling on the floor as I placed my mouth over her finger and licked her clit. I pushed her legs open a bit more and forced my tongue into her. She cried out with pleasure as my tongue entered her and she pushed herself hard into my face. I was drinking down her cum, which tasted quite different from Amelia's. I could still hear Amelia moaning away in the background and knew she was enjoying the fuck. She was still propped on the edge of the sofa, but now Jorge had hold of her ankles and her legs pushed back as far as they would go. His thick cock was deep inside her pussy and he was fucking her hard as he could. She moaned and squealed with every thrust. I don't know how many times Amelia had already cum, but she was still cumming by the sound of it.

Kloie grabbed the tip of my cock and placed it against her slit and ran it up and down the length of her pussy until she decided to shove it into her pussy. With one hard push, I shoved my cock in and it opened up her pussy lips and entered into her. By now, I was like a college freshman in heat and slammed hard into her until the full length of my member was buried deep inside her. Jorge's cock was shorter than mine, so I knew she hadn't had a cock this long before. She squealed like I had not heard in a while. I felt Kloie's pussy walls tighten as she came, and I could feel her cum run down my balls. I took hold of her legs and raised them up so they rested on my shoulders and I started to fuck her harder because I knew I couldn't hold off any longer. Now, Kloie started shouting and I saw Amelia and Jorge watching us. Until now I had not been aware of their gaze, but a different excitement rushed through me as I fucked Kloie hard and slammed into her faster and faster until she came again. And with one last theatrical thrust, I came and came until she was filled full of my hot cum.

Everyone took a long break with nary a word said. We all basked in the glow of climaxes. Much later, Jorge and Kloie cleaned up and said their good nights, adding that they'll call us tomorrow. We went upstairs and showered the evening off. Laying in bed, I asked Amelia if she enjoyed herself, and she said she had. Would we do it again? Yes! With Jorge and Amelia? Perhaps. For now, everything was all right. Tomorrow, well that's another day.

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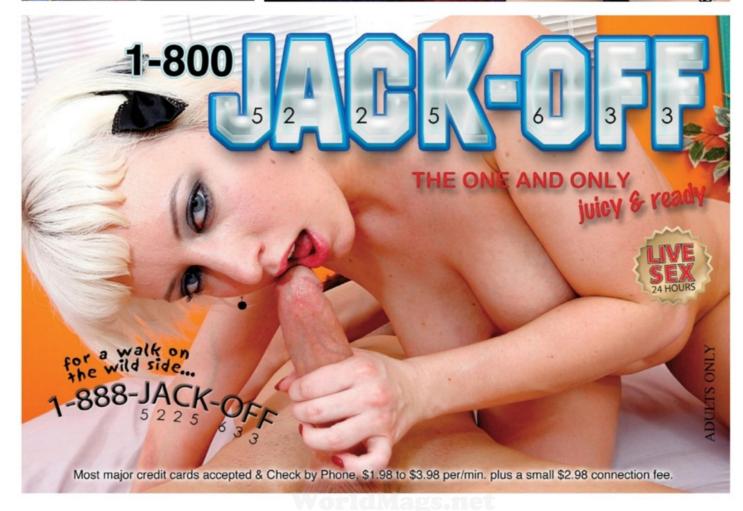
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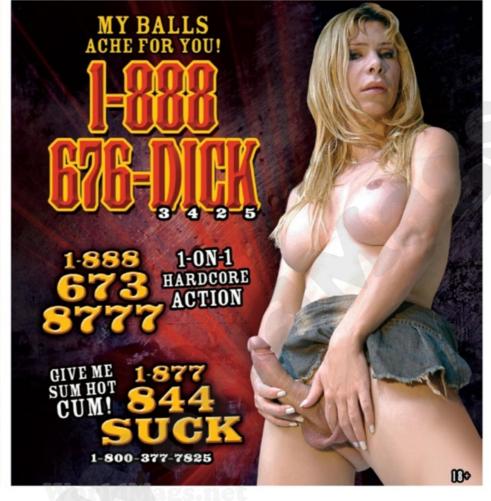


















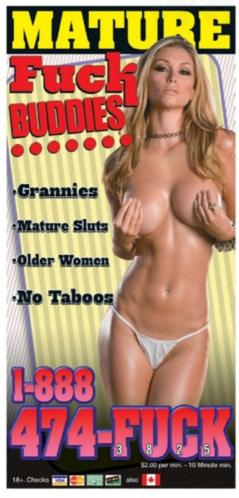
























































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